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THE GRANDISONIAN MANNER.

In a paper from the pen of Lady Grove, published recently in the London "Chronicle," comment is made on the withdrawal of certain gentlemen from the "mixed" clubs ("cock and hen" clubs is the current slang term) to which they had belonged, and which they had joined while the clubs were still exclusively for men, but which they had left in high dudgeon at the subsequent admission of women—an innovation that they held to be destructive of the very *raison d'être* of club life. That is, these gentlemen, one might argue, had joined their clubs in order to escape the amenities of polite society, and felt themselves aggrieved when called upon to observe those amenities. An acquaintance of ours who has no home ties and no fixed habitation of her own deplores her lot because she finds it irksome, as perpetual boarder or guest in other people's houses, to wear always her "company manners."

This hatred of formality, this ever-present tendency to revert to primitive unconventionality (and primitive savagery), is neither wholly bad nor wholly good; but in this rapidly-moving twentieth century of ours, when we fancy we have hardly time to be polite, the obvious danger is that too little attention will be paid to the cultivation of the minor morals, of the suave and gracious manners that bespeak a cultured leisure. What better corrective to the rude haste, the selfish scramble, of a money-making age could be devised than a deliberate reading, or re-reading, of "Sir Charles Grandison"? From one who "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue," as Johnson said of Richardson, the reader may take a lesson in the ordering of his daily walk and conversation. Nothing is too trivial to be treated with dignity and gravity by the excellent printer-author. "In these small instances," he makes one of his minor personages say, "are the characters of the heart displayed far more than in greater." To the men and women of Richardson's novels the little things of life are abundantly worth while. They hurry over nothing, they alight nothing. An old lady of Sir Walter Scott's acquaintance always chose "Sir Charles Grandison" to be read to her as she sat in her elbow

chair, because she knew that were she to fall asleep in the course of the reading she should lose nothing of the story, but should find the party where she left them, — conversing in “the cedar parlour.” In the important things of life, as in courtship and marriage, the stately deliberation is marvellous to behold. In paying his addresses to Harriet Byron, Sir Charles makes his advances by parallels, beginning with the estimable grandmother and redoubling his caution as he approaches the citadel itself. His delicacy causes him to doubt whether Miss Byron will pardon, or should be permitted to pardon, an earlier passion cherished by him for the unfortunate Clementina della Porretta. But he takes Miss Byron’s hand, and is bowing over it at page 65 of the sixth volume; at page 81 the actual offer of marriage begins, and it extends to page 89, the suitor talking almost uninterruptedly the while and (it is needless to add) expressing himself in admirable English.

The priggishness of our paragon of a hero is of course undeniable, if one chooses to dwell on that aspect of his character. His delicacy amounts, to some readers, almost to effeminacy; and hence he has been maliciously styled one of the author’s principal female characters. Even the heroine finds fault with his faultlessness. “A most intolerable superiority!” she exclaims; “I wish he would do something wrong, something cruel.” That is only uttered, however, under an overpowering sense of her own inferiority, or imagined inferiority. It is significant that Richardson at first intended to call his book “The Good Man.”

That it purifies the heart and refines the manners to commune with the virtuous characters depicted by the author of “Pamela” has been often enough asserted by his admirers. Diderot even found in Richardson’s novels an intellectual stimulus of a high order. “I have observed,” he declares, “that in a company where the works of Richardson are being read, either privately or aloud, the conversation at once becomes more interesting and animating.” Diderot’s seventeen pages of glowing eulogy in the *Journal Etranger* — a panegyric inspired by the recent death of the novelist — can no longer be taken seriously; yet there is something rather pleasing in finding this keen-witted Frenchman so overcome with admiration for the worthy Englishman that he vows he will part with other portions of his library if he must, but Richardson he will keep — on the same shelf with Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles; and he will read them by turns.

There is an old-world charm in the very formality with which Richardson’s characters address one another. Even to his sisters Grandison is always “Sir Charles,” and they are not accosted by him as plain Charlotte or Caroline, but as “sister Charlotte,” or “my dear Caroline.” Charlotte, on her part, habitually calls her elder sister “Lady L——,” and her brother-in-law is either “Lord L——” or “my lord.” All the more amusing, as well as surprising, is it to catch Miss Grandison, in a moment of excessive familiarity and self-forgetfulness, exclaiming, “Such another word, Harriet, and I’ll blow you up!” Again we detect her using the slang expression, “I’ll be hanged if —,” an unseemliness for which the exemplary Miss Harriet fails not to call her to account in a gentle way.

But by far the most edifying passages in the book are found in the conversations that Sir Charles carries on with the various characters of the story. Upon his father’s death what could be more praiseworthy than the judicious resolve, concerning both parents, thus expressed to his cousin Everard: “I will have an elegant but not sumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious.” And the following, from a young man in his twenties, is unexceptionable (Sir Charles is addressing his two sisters and Miss Harriet Byron): “Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don’t think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called *love*, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary. Your *brother*, ladies, (looking upon all three,) is no Stoic.” In the end, of course, he gracefully yields to his “susceptibility of the passion called *love*,” and succeeds, with one entire volume to do it in, in getting married to the admirable Harriet; but lest even then he should have left on the reader’s mind some impression of unseemly haste, he takes still another volume to make his exit from the stage in a leisurely and graceful and dignified manner.

That he would never suffer his horses’ tails to be docked is one, and a not insignificant, claim to our approval of Sir Charles. No smallest occasion to show his humanity was neglected by him; and he found ways, some of them rather extraordinary, to do good and to smooth the path of life for others. For a profligate uncle he finds an excellent and suitable wife, having before that preached so moving and improving a ser-

mon to his errant kinsman on the wickedness of his conduct that the sinner gives vent to his feeling of remorse in the following somewhat surprising manner :

" ' By my soul,' said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, ' I hate your father : I never heartily loved him ; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.' "

" ' My lord ! ' "

" ' Don't be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son who would have converted us both. . . . O my sister, how have you blessed me in your son. ' "

A most striking illustration of Sir Charles's unflinching graciousness of demeanor even in very trying situations is furnished by a letter that he wrote to his spendthrift father, just after that dissipated gentleman had applied to his son for consent to raise money (to pay a gambling debt) by mortgaging a part of the family estate. The son most magnanimously and respectfully replies:

" ' Why, sir, did you condescend to write to me on the occasion, as if for my consent ? Why did you not send me the deeds ready to sign ? Let me beg of you, ever dear and ever honored sir, that you will not suffer any difficulties, that I can join to remove, to oppress your heart with doubts for one moment. . . . Permit me, sir, to add, that, be my income ever so small, I am resolved to live within it. And let me beseech you to remit me but one half of your present bounty. ' "

Let it be admitted without dispute that Grandison is to us a highly unreal, impossible, and even ridiculous character, endowed as he is with every virtue, every grace, and every worldly advantage, that a fairy godmother could have bethought her to bestow upon him at birth, and exhibiting his perfections with an elaborate mock-modesty through seven closely-printed volumes. Nevertheless, if the reader of a less naïvely sentimental age will but take up the book in a spirit of indulgence and not let his sense of humor get the better of his good-humor, he may possibly find himself not wholly unbefitted by a leisurely perusal of the story in all its pitiless length. A month of one's spare hours might be passed in far worse company than that of the *dramatis personæ* so amusingly enumerated at the beginning of the work under the headings, " Men," " Women," and " Italians. "

AN unknown work by Ibsen has recently been discovered, and will probably be included in an edition of his unpublished pieces which is now in preparation. The title of the new discovery is " Song at Akershus," Akershus being the name of a fortress in Christiania. It dates from Ibsen's early years, and is in form a romantic tale. A plan for transforming Ibsen's house into an Ibsen museum has been put forward of late, and is said to have met with support.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE RAPTUREOUS QUALITY IN LITERATURE is what all readers hunger for as they take up each successive " book of the year " or phenomenal " best seller," but the rapture does not always follow. The older and sadder and wiser we grow, the less easily are we ravished by current sensational fiction, however great and however increasing may be our calm delight in our favorite old authors. It is with some interest and pleasure, therefore, that we hear from London an instance of undoubted ravishment. " The Blue Lagoon," by Mr. A. De Vere Stacpoole — a book regarded by Mr. Jacob Tonson as emphatically " the book of the season " — was taken up one night by a literary woman of good taste and judgment as she was combing her hair before going to bed. She began to read, and when, an hour and a half later, she came to herself and laid the book down, she found herself still seated before her dressing table, comb in hand, having scarcely moved in all that interval of rapt delight. This involuntary tribute the teller of the story pronounces to be one " which could not perhaps be surpassed in all the history of criticism. " But it is surpassed by at least one other instance. Sir Joshua Reynolds was once travelling in the country when, at an inn where he chanced to stop for the night, he hit upon a copy of Johnson's " Life of Savage," then just published ; and he began to read it without so much as sitting down, but stood by the fire with the book in one hand and his arm resting on the mantelpiece. When he at last finished his reading and returned to the world about him, he found his arm quite stiffened and benumbed by its long continuance in one position.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE BOOK-BORROWER is well known to be as easy as an old shoe in the matter of returning borrowed books ; and the return of public library books — if it were not for the necessity of returning them in order to get others, and if it were not also for the prick of the two-cents-a-day fine on over-due volumes — might well become the exception rather than the rule with many a thoughtless user of the free library. It is not, however, the ordinary little-reflective reader-for-pleasure who alone inclines to sin in the thoughtless retention of books over-time ; librarians themselves, as Mr. Andrews of the John Crerar Library remarked at the library meeting at Minnetonka, are not noted for promptness in returning borrowed books. Conspicuously dilatory, too, are the privileged patrons of college and university libraries. We have had personal experience of faculty members retaining library books for six months, and even a year, without so much as a blush of shame when requested to consider the rights of others. One amusing, and it is to be hoped wholesomely instructive, incident comes to mind. One of these unpunctual borrowers came to the library in hot quest of a much-needed volume, and was thrown into a fever of vexation and impatience on being told that

it was out. Nothing would do but that the record of the book should be looked up at once and the book itself called in as soon as possible under the rules. Search was accordingly made, and the volume was found charged (under an ancient date) to the applicant himself.

THE LATE DEAN OF AMERICAN DRAMATISTS, Bronson Howard, who has just died in his sixty-sixth year, was the prolific author of unusually popular and successful plays. Probably his "Shenandoah" has been witnessed by more play-goers throughout the country than any other drama now on the stage, with the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which still travels the backwoods circuit to the unflinching delight of rural audiences. That Mr. Howard was capable of even better work than he furnished so abundantly and acceptably at the call of theatre-managers and star-actors, has been thought by more than one observer of his rise from inconspicuous journalism to international fame as a playwright. Other noted plays of his, besides "Shenandoah," that readily come to mind are "The Henrietta," "Diamonds," "The Banker's Daughter," "Aristocracy," and (among his later dramas) "Peter Stuyvesant," which he wrote in collaboration with Professor Brander Matthews, and "Kate," written only two years ago. That the American stage should, in quick succession, have suffered the loss of its most gifted and scholarly actor, Richard Mansfield, and of its most experienced and successful playwright, Bronson Howard, is cause for deep regret.

OLD-TIME LITERARY NEW ENGLAND loses another link in the chain connecting it with the present, in the death of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, at her home in Boston, on the 10th of the present month. Born in Connecticut in 1835, Mrs. Moulton's literary activities began almost with the beginning of the half-century and continued until near the time of her death. She was a prolific writer of stories and poems for the magazines, and of literary criticisms for various publications; while her published volumes in prose and verse number some twenty titles. Her work as editor was also notable, including a collection of the poems of Philip Bourke Marston, to which she prefixed a touching and appreciative memoir; and she rendered a similar service for Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the Irish poet. Mrs. Moulton's own poems are marked by sincerity and artistic skill, and in all she did she showed herself a cultivated and conscientious literary worker. Few indeed are now left of the group of New England writers to which Mrs. Moulton belonged.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE CHILDREN are, between them, producing a lively centre of literary activity at Cleveland, Ohio, where, under the competent direction of Librarian Brett, the intellectual needs of young readers are being administered to in

a variety of novel and effective ways. An attractive, instructive, well-illustrated, and thoroughly interesting pamphlet or "hand-book" was prepared by the Library Board, primarily for the information of the attendants at the late annual convention of the National Educational Association in Cleveland, and also for the citizens interested in the library work going on among their children; and this hand-book, entitled "The Work of the Cleveland Public Library with the Children," is now, through Librarian Brett's kindness, offered to such of our subscribers as choose to ask for it. "The work as outlined in this hand-book," writes Mr. Brett in a personal letter, "represents various phases of its development here, but in many instances it is not peculiar to our library." Enough, however, is peculiar and original to make the pamphlet a notable contribution to the literature of public library administration. The chapter on "Home Libraries," of which there were thirty-two in operation last year, reveals some especially novel features.

THE DEATH OF KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY occurred at her summer home in Jackson, N. H., August 4, at the age of seventy-eight. Miss Wormeley was much more than the translator of the standard English version of Balzac and the first to popularize the great French novelist in America. Finer and nobler than her work as translator and biographer was her service in the cause of charity and of girls' education. Though she was born in England, she warmly espoused the cause of her adopted country during our Civil War, and was a leader in the work of the United States Sanitary Commission. A history of that Commission and its work, and a later book called "The Other Side of War," are relics of this period of her life. The Girls' Industrial School at Newport, founded by her and maintained at her own risk for three years, after which it was incorporated with the city's public school system, is another monument to her philanthropic zeal. Perhaps Miss Wormeley's distinguishing characteristic was sympathy and appreciation: the ability to enter heartily into the spirit actuating other workers helped to make her the sympathetic and faithful translator she so abundantly proved herself to be. She had the true artist's delight in her work, and her very recent magazine paper giving her reminiscences of the second funeral of Napoleon shows her to have been far more than a hack writer or literary drudge.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEDRO SERRANO, a Spanish castaway who may have given Defoe the idea for his "Robinson Crusoe," might perhaps with some profit be brought out, by an enterprising modern publisher, in a form suitable for young people's reading. Garcilaso de la Vega's "Comentarios Reales" give the story on the authority of a person who knew Serrano and had often heard him relate his strange experiences. The island on which he was wrecked was but a patch of sandy reef in the Caribbean Sea,

and the seven years' sufferings of Serrano give by comparison an air of ease and luxury to Robinson Crusoe's life on his wooded and fertile Juan Fernandez. This Caribbean episode dates back probably to the early sixteenth century. An English translation of the "Comentarios" appeared in 1688; and as Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" was not published till 1719, he may well have read Garcilaso's narrative before writing his own. These facts about Serrano and his extraordinary history, as told by Mr. John D. Leckie in "Chambers's Journal," suggest the possibility that Serrano rather than Selkirk may have served as Defoe's model in framing his immortal story. Or was it more probably a combination of the two? . . .

THE NEW EDITOR OF "UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE" is, appropriately enough, the late Joel Chandler Harris's son, Mr. Julian Harris, who had been associated with his father in literary work, had secured the necessary financial backing for the magazine, had acted as its assistant editor, and had taken an active part in its business management. He is reputed an able writer, and indeed has collaborated with his father in two books not yet published. From an announcement that appears in the August number of the magazine we learn that the late editor desired no monument, but chose to be remembered by a brief line informing the readers of his periodical that it was "founded by Joel Chandler Harris." To his son and successor his impressive injunction was: "Keep the magazine clean, wholesome, and fresh with the best and simplest in life. Never let it become just a money-making machine." The promised continuance of the publication in the spirit of its founder is subject for congratulation. . . .

THE RUDIMENTARY QUALITY OF ILLUSTRATION IN COLOR, as at present produced, with such pride of achievement, in some of our leading monthly magazines, must have impressed itself on many readers of those magazines. Undoubtedly the time will come when the colored picture of our day will look as laughably crude and childish as does now to us the old woodcut of our grandparents' spelling-book. A writer on book-illustration in the July "Book Monthly" informs his readers that "the first English printed book to be illustrated was Caxton's 'Myrrour of the Worlde,' printed in 1481. The blocks were quite elementary in character, thus resembling indeed all the woodcuts of English books for a long time." And he adds, "Is it not a far cry from those days to the present colour-book done in the three-colour process?" By no means; there is, instead, a certain sort of similarity of crudeness in the two. . . .

THE NEWEST SHAKESPEARE GOSPEL is preached by Dr. Peter Alvor, who, in a book just published at Hanover and entitled "Das Neue Shakespeare-Evangelium," endeavors to persuade the world that

all the so-called Shakespeare tragedies were written by the Earl of Southampton, and all the comedies by the Earl of Rutland; but that, in order to escape political persecution, these noble authors induced a second-rate actor, William Shakespeare by name, to assume responsibility for the plays, and paid him well for this use of his name. Rutland's claims to the authorship not only of the comedies, but of all the plays, have already been defended by another German Shakespeare scholar, Professor Karl Bleibtreu, who ridicules this notion of a divided authorship. "All for Rutland" is his motto; nothing for Southampton, nothing for Shakespeare, nothing for Bacon even, does he allow. . . .

A NONAGENARIAN OPTIMIST, Professor William Matthews, author of "Getting on in the World" (which is said to have sold to the extent of 70,000 copies in this country and to have been translated into Norwegian, Swedish, and Hungarian), had his recent birthday brightened by the visits of admiring friends. At present he is confined as a patient in the Emerson Hospital in Boston, having met with an accident that makes him temporarily unable to walk. The life of this somewhat copious author of books helpful to young men and not hurtful even to older persons is a fine comment on the products of his pen. The veteran author is still writing, even in bed, and hopes soon to leave the hospital and prosecute his literary work with renewed vigor. . . .

AGREEMENT ON A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL of some kind will doubtless result from the action taken by the recent joint meeting of the Shakespeare Memorial Committee and the National Theatre Shakespeare Memorial Committee at London. The meeting was held at the Mansion House, there was a large attendance, and the Lord Mayor presided. As most of those who have been prominent in urging that the memorial take the form of a theatre rather than a huge statue in Portland Place are named as members of the new joint executive committee, there is good ground to hope that the much-discussed National Theatre will one day rise in memory of the world's greatest dramatist. . . .

LITERATURE IN THE LAUNDRY, even in the Chinese laundry, is not necessarily smothered and suffocated by the steam from the washtub. In a street-car in the suburbs of Boston—Boston, of course—there was recently to be seen the rather unusual spectacle of a Chinese laundryman intently reading a book; and, what is more, the book was discovered to be Dr. Lambourne's work on "The Fundamental Fact in Mythology." Does not such an incident make the Yellow Peril seem considerably less imminent? If the Celestial Kingdom is to furnish us scholars and philosophers to keep our linen white, it were ingratitude and folly to clamor for exclusion laws.

The New Books.

NORWAY TO ALASKA IN A HERRING BOAT.*

To write well, one must first have something to say. Captain Roald Amundsen, commander of the first successful Northwest-Passage expedition, has something of prime importance to relate, and his straightforward narrative makes not only one of the best books of Arctic exploration but one of the best books of adventure of any sort that have ever been written. Of course the existence of a continuous passage through the northern seas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, had been well enough known for half a century or more, thanks to the devoted labors of Parry, Franklin, Collinson, Rae, and other British explorers; but no vessel had as yet succeeded in threading the difficult and dangerous route continuously from ocean to ocean. Captain Amundsen's undertaking to accomplish this in a little herring boat of forty-seven tons was by many regarded as foolhardy, but it was plain that no vessel of deep draught or great breadth of beam could hope to navigate the shallows and pick its way through the floating ice of those far-northern waters.

Roald Amundsen, according to his much too brief account of his early youth and his boyhood ambitions, was a born explorer and Arctic voyager. Nothing could still within his breast the call of the North-Polar seas, and he early began to fit himself for what he felt to be his life work. Seal-hunting in the far north was followed by an Antarctic voyage in the capacity of mate to the Belgian Antarctic Expedition under Adrien de Gerlache, 1897-1899. "It was during this voyage," says the author, "that my plan matured: I proposed to combine the dream of my boyhood as to North West Passage with an aim, in itself of far greater scientific importance, *that of locating the present situation of the Magnetic North Pole.*" On returning home the enthusiastic young explorer made his way to the Meteorological Institute of his own country, and thence to Hamburg to submit his project to the greatest living authority on terrestrial magnetism, Professor G. von Neumayer, Director of the German Marine Observatory. The ardent Norwegian was hospitably received by the German savant, who even went so far

as to furnish his visitor with instruction at the Observatory in the details of magnetic observations and the use of magnetic instruments. Advice and encouragement were also sought from the greatest living Scandinavian explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; then followed some years of wearisome endeavor to raise funds for the proposed expedition, an endeavor too persistent to fail; and at last, in the early summer of 1903, ship, crew, and cargo were all in readiness, and the adventurous party of seven sailed from Christiania.

The long voyage lasted, if we may credit the title-page of "The Northwest Passage," from 1903 to 1907; but Cape Nome, which was practically the end of the all-important "passage," was reached in the late summer of 1906, nor does the narrative pursue further the fortunes of either ship or crew, though one may infer that the "Gjøa's" voyage was continued at least to San Francisco. What thereafter became of the sturdy craft the reader would much like to know — a curiosity that is not in the smallest degree gratified by the author.

Captain Amundsen does well not to preface his narrative with an exhaustive history of Northwest-Passage exploration before his time. The books are numerous enough on this subject, and we are just now eagerly interested in the "Gjøa" and the seven young Norwegians who man her, and who convey the impression of being rather a party of rollicking schoolboys escaped from their books than a serious band of discoverers, carrying their lives in their hands and intent on great ends. Such preliminary and interspersed account as is given of what had already been effected by Franklin and others in their search for the long-desired passage is too brief and hasty to be altogether trustworthy. That, however, need not destroy one's confidence in the author's record of his own and his companions' achievements. What they did and saw and suffered is set down with the simplicity, restraint, and directness characteristic of the true hero's account of his deeds. Difficult navigation, sledge excursions that were not exactly summer picnics, meteorological and magnetic observations under trying conditions, the exaction of some degree of respect and decorum from the swarming Esquimaux that beset them in their winter quarters, and the continual problem of food, fuel, and shelter in the cruel cold of those latitudes—that, in brief, indicates the work that was cut out for Captain Amundsen and his little crew. No doctor accompanied the expedition, and, although the commander essayed the

* THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE. The Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship "Gjøa," 1903-1907. By Roald Amundsen. With a supplement by First Lieutenant Hansen, Vice-Commander of the expedition. With illustrations and maps. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

part of physician when occasion demanded, one life was lost before the voyage was completed; and one life out of seven was more than a decimation of the entire force. Two men, however,—one a Norwegian, the other an American—were found to repair as far as possible the sad loss.

Among many perils more or less exciting, even in the author's quiet narration, one especially deserves mention. The vessel had grounded in the shallows of Franklin Strait, the north wind blew a gale accompanied by sleet, and the spray was dashing over deck and rigging. After consulting with his comrades the captain decided to try to get the ship off with the sails. With much exertion they were set. The narrator continues:

"Then we commenced a method of sailing not one of us is ever likely to forget even should he attain the age of Methuseleh. The mighty press of sail and the high choppy sea, combined, had the effect of lifting the vessel up and pitching her forward again among the rocks, so that we expected every moment to see her planks scattered on the sea. The false keel was splintered and floated up. All we could do was to watch the course of events and calmly await the issue. As a matter of fact, I cannot say I did feel calm as I stood in the rigging and followed the dance from one rock to another. I stood there with the bitterest self-reproach. If I had set a watch in the crow's nest, this would never have happened, because he would have observed the reef a long way off and reported it. Was my carelessness to wreck our whole undertaking, which had begun so auspiciously? Should we, who had got so much further than anyone before us—we who had so fortunately cleared parts of the passage universally regarded as the most difficult—should we now be compelled to stop and turn back crestfallen?"

By throwing overboard the deck cargo and thus enabling the ship to rise a little higher under wind and wave, she finally and with many terrific bumps got off the reef and into comparatively navigable waters.

Another and an earlier narrow escape from destruction is worth noting. A furious fire one day broke out in the engine-room, right among the tanks holding two thousand gallons of petroleum, and was only extinguished after the most daring and energetic exertions from all hands. The Fates on the whole were kind to these bold adventurers, but few readers will be tempted to try a yachting cruise along the northern coast of our continent, rich in incident though such a voyage might be.

The pages devoted to the Esquimaux and their ways are fresh and interesting. Unversed in the native dialects, these Norwegians yet contrived to talk, with some degree of volubility, with the round-faced men of the icy North; and the intimate studies made of a few more strik-

ing or more intelligent individuals among them are, in a human way, worth all the geographical and scientific information in the entire two volumes. Here is a picture of Talurnaktu, a Nechilli Esquiman, who was taken into the camp on King William Land:

"His toilet was grand. Next to his skin he wore a blue woollen guernsey, over this a hunting shirt, and outside an under-coat (anorak). His understandings were clothed in a pair of moleskin trousers. All these were worn-out old clothes discarded by Lindström. 'I shall darn them during the winter,' he said; but meantime he left the rags as they were. On his head he had an old cycling cap, to which he had attached a dirty collar by way of ornament. Take him all round he was really a regular 'Arry,' and always cheerful. He smoked and chewed tobacco, and he did all he could to conduct himself like a white man. He took great pride in about six hairs, half an inch long, growing on his upper lip. He spoke with the utmost scorn of men who had no moustache. He was as strong as a bear, and, as he was so willing, he was a splendid fellow to have as help."

Sad but not surprising is the white man's influence on these natives of the hyperborean ice-fields as noted by the author.

"During the voyage of the 'Gjøa' we came into contact with ten different Eskimo tribes in all, and we had good opportunities of observing the influence of civilisation on them, as we were able to compare those Eskimo who had come into contact with civilisation with those who had not. And I must state it as my firm conviction that the latter, the Eskimo living absolutely isolated from civilisation of any kind, are undoubtedly the happiest, healthiest, most honorable and most contented among them. It must, therefore, be the bounden duty of civilised nations who come into contact with the Eskimo, to safeguard them against contaminating influences, and by laws and stringent regulations protect them against the many perils and evils of so-called civilisation."

A supplementary chapter narrates interestingly the events of Lieutenant Hansen's surveying expedition to the east coast of Victoria Land, which he christened "King Haakon VII. Coast." This account is from the lieutenant's pen. The scientific observations conducted by Captain Amundsen and his assistants, with various instruments brought for the purpose, must be counted the most valuable fruits of the voyage; but, although the subject is not entered upon in detail, it appears that several years must elapse before the necessary calculations are completed to render these observations of actual service to mankind. The determination of the magnetic north pole is no holiday pastime. As to the Northwest Passage itself, it is obviously of no commercial or other use now that it is found; and in fact the only really fresh achievement to be credited to the "Gjøa" is the accomplishment of the hitherto short unnavigated section of the passage in the neigh-

borhood of Cape Colborne. Nevertheless, the very fact that there was no business profit in this arduous undertaking makes us admire the high-spirited explorers who risked their lives and endured a three-years' banishment from the civilized world for the sake of an idea.

The narrative is not free from bewildering inconsistencies, which sometimes amount to positive inaccuracies. For instance, an early chapter has one passage that makes the "Gjöa" sail through Bellot Strait, between North Somerset and Boothia Felix, while the context, as well as the indicated route on the map, shows plainly that the vessel passed through Barrow Strait, north of North Somerset, and down through Franklin Strait to King William Land. The illustrations are abundant and, being chiefly from photographs, trustworthy and helpful. The maps are also useful, but are not drawn on a scale large enough to display every movement of vessel and sledge. The English translator's name is withheld, though he has no reason to be ashamed of his work, so far as one can see. It is worth noting as a sign of the book's apparent popularity that there are published simultaneously versions in Swedish, Finnish, Russian, German, and Italian, besides the original Norwegian edition.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

OLD ESSAYS AND A NEW PLAY BY
"VERNON LEE."*

The talented woman whose name in real life is Violet Paget, although she writes over the more prosaic and non-committal signature of "Vernon Lee," has given us a new edition of "Limbo, and Other Essays," with the addition of a drama entitled "Ariadne in Mantua." The author's first book appeared when she was only twenty-four years old, a rather youthful age to publish such a work as "Studies in the Eighteenth Century in Italy." During the three subsequent decades she has been writing attractive essays, stories, dialogues, and so forth, and has gradually won well-deserved recognition. She is master of an easy, at times almost conversational style, that makes the reader feel he is being treated *en intime*; and it is naturally delightful to enter into such relations with an unusually clever woman. But "Vernon Lee" is decidedly more than clever—she is clairvoyant and sympathetic. Her eyes have looked into life and have bidden her judgment be merciful.

* LIMBO, AND OTHER ESSAYS. With a new drama, "Ariadne in Mantua." By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Co.

In literature her studies have been comprehensive and thorough, although the results thereof are never obtruded pedantically. While an intimate topographical knowledge of most of Western Europe is implied by her writings, her years have been spent largely in Italy, which she knows as few descendants of the Goths and Vandals have ever known the winsome land beyond the Alps. For her, Italy is the nearest point of approach to the land east of the sun and west of the moon; and with this feeling the reviewer assuredly cannot quarrel as he faces a flood of memories. Perhaps, too, there is a little of the personal equation in the feeling that our author is most attractive when dealing with Italian themes; but there can be no doubt that, in general, her most successful essays are of the "travel-and-place" type. In the present volume, for instance, "Ravenna and her Ghosts" is incomparably better than the eponymous chapter. Indeed, "Limbo" is so far from deserving the place of honor that it is decidedly the least attractive section of the book. On the whole it may be said that "Vernon Lee" can hardly appeal to readers who have not had a little of her good fortune in the way of leisure and travel, or have not at least caught sight of the spirit of leisure in the flux of things and learned to send the spirit journeying whither the body cannot fare. Within this circle, however, she will be keenly enjoyed.

"Ariadne in Mantua" seems to us an exceptionally charming closet drama. The action takes place in the palace of Mantua during the reign of Prospero I. of Milan. The young duke is under the spell of a benumbing melancholia. One Diego, a famous singer, has been summoned from Venice to gain access to his Highness's confidence and to aid in relieving the strange obsession. It soon transpires that Diego is the courtesan Magdalen, who had been the Duke's genuinely beloved mistress when he was serving abroad. The invalid is restored to health without discovering the identity of his lost love and the healing singer. In the last act he marries his cousin; and at the festival Diego presents a masque treating of Ariadne's desertion by Theseus and her refusal to be comforted by Bacchus. The ending must be left for those of our readers who care to peruse the play. Throughout the drama the characters are well limned. But perhaps the most remarkable is the Duchess Dowager; for here a woman writer has convincingly depicted a virtuous woman of noble birth as being infinitely merciful and tender to an erring sister who sprang

from the gutter. The language is consistent with the respective *personæ*, and worthy of the theme, occasionally rising to a lofty level. The parallel between the myth and the events in the play is never allowed to become too prominent; nor do the players ever lose their human interest from being representatives of a problem. The playwright frankly avows her feeling that "these personages had an importance greater than that of their life and adventures, a meaning, if I may say so, a little *sub specie æternitatis*. For besides the real figures, there appeared to me vague shadows cast by them, as it were, on the vast spaces of life, and magnified far beyond those little puppets that I twitched." This modestly voiced hope seems to us thoroughly justified, and we are glad to recommend the play to any reader who is willing to ponder a little on the relation between "mere impulse, unreasoning and violent, but absolutely true to its aim," and "the moderating, the weighing, and restraining influences of civilization." Tradition, Discipline, Discretion, — in the presence of these necessary and victorious factors of progress what shall become of untutored love and the eternal cry of the human heart?

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

THE LIBERATOR SAINT OF ITALY.*

The story of the great Mystics makes an interesting and remarkable chapter in the progress and development of mankind. Side by side with the religions and philosophies that have been the profound and influential teachers of the race has moved the procession of specially illumined men and women who have emphasized the deepening message of the ages from a standpoint and comprehension more or less individual, and furnishing a witness of the unfolding truth cogent and alluring. The Mystics have labored diligently within the field of the established faiths, but often with distinct antagonisms to popular ruling doctrines and institutions. Indeed, they have usually occupied the place of reformers and liberators; they have made vehement attacks upon privilege and prerogative, the sources of manifold and tyrannizing evils; they have been voices in the wilderness, crying out against manifest and powerful wrong; they have brought healing and regeneration from direct contact with essential life and thought.

* SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. A Study in the Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Mystics have appeared in all nations and times. The mind of Japan was singularly susceptible to the revelations which make the substance of the Mystic's report and narrative; even in prosaic and moralistic China there were reactions against the prevalent Confucianism that lifted the veil from before the sanctuary; in India the *Gita-Govinda* rivals the Song of Songs in its impassioned disclosures of relations that are to be found discussed at length in Mystic literature everywhere; and the *Bhagavat-Gita* presents a dialogue which has found its echoes again and again in books. Persia was a luxuriant soil for the growth of poems that indicate and illustrate experiences not belonging to the ordinary light of the common day; even the skeptical Omar has in some interpretations been made the bearer of a transcendent intelligence. The Song of Solomon aroused the middle-age thinkers to a long line of kindred and supramundane revelations. Plato, Philo, Plotinus deal with realms to which the thought of man is not unaccustomed, but which require an unwearying wing and an unusual exercise of energy. The Mystic, however, found a most congenial home and a responsive audience during the Middle Ages. The ardent subjectivity of mankind awoke to a wonderful consciousness of itself, and began to discover regions hardly known before. Bonaventura, Bernard of Clairvaux, Nicholas of Cusa, Saint Catherine of Siena, — these belong to a cloud of witnesses who have an extraordinary message to deliver, and who present it with singular nobility and marked unanimity. The Mystic tradition has come down to modern times in France, in England, in America; the transcendentalist has had his tale to tell, and has told it with inspiration and charm.

It may be an easy exercise of the skeptical understanding to sweep all this long and continuous history into the limbo of the abnormal and the hysterical; it may certainly be said that there are sane and reasoned philosophies whose content differs in no wise from that of the genuine mystical literatures. With the complete discrediting of the mystical, we shall also be obliged to discredit these. It may be that Plato and Hegel and Emerson have dwelt in a vague and hazy dreamland, and that modern culture and life can have in them, after all, only an historical interest; but with the disappearance of these from a real part in the experiences of to-day, shall we also get rid of Dante and Goethe and sundry other poets and men of letters? The question can only be raised here, without any attempt at discussion.

Catherine of Siena, mystic as she was, had her doubts; but she found a way of meeting them. We quote from her:

"I will teach thee [said the Voice in her heart] how to distinguish My visions from the visions of the enemy. My vision begins with terror, but always, as it grows, gives greater confidence; it begins with some bitterness, but always groweth more sweet. In the vision of the enemy, the contrary happens; for in the beginning it seems to bring some gladness, confidence, or sweetness, but, as it proceeds, fear and bitterness grow continuously in the soul of whoso beholds it. . . . But I will give thee another sign more infallible and more certain. Be assured that, since I am Truth, there ever results from My visions a greater knowledge of truth in the soul; and, because the knowledge of truth is most necessary to her about Me and about herself, that is, that she should know Me and know herself, from which knowledge it ever follows that she despises herself and honors Me, which is the proper office of humility, it is inevitable that from My visions the soul becomes more humble, knowing herself, and knowing Me better."

This is, of course, the mediæval method of stating the fact; but even at the present time the easy and pleasurable way of the physiological analysis, with its complicated experimental stations, is not an unquestionable one of reaching the truth. Moreover, the speculative results of the visionaries have often found fruitful demonstrations in the realms of history and reality.

The Mystics have been of all grades and varieties — illiterate and cultured, peasant and nobleman, pauper and prince; they have occupied every station in life and performed every sort of labor; they have ploughed the seas and discovered new continents like Columbus; they have disposed of refractory Parliaments like Cromwell; they have crowned monarchs against seemingly overwhelming odds like Jeanne d'Arc; they have transformed a whole world like Martin Luther. They have bled on the field of battle, they have been burned in the fires of martyrdom, they have died on the cross, for the Truth's sake. They can, however, be properly divided into three classes — the Quietists, whose lives are given to contemplation; the Voluntarists, who rush into the mad whirl of the world and pluck victory from the jaws of the impossible; and the Intellectualists, who give an account of themselves and develop a psychology of the Mystic consciousness. It seems likely that they will continue to appear in the future as they have done in the past.

The subject of the exhaustive and captivating study immediately before us, Saint Catherine of Siena, was the comparatively uneducated daughter of Jacomo and Lapa di Benincasa, simple and earnest people who did all in their power for the large family with which they were

blessed. She was born on the 25th of March, 1347, the feast of the Annunciation, which according to Sienese reckoning was the first day of the new year. Saint Francis of Assisi had died a hundred and twenty years before, and Dante had passed from exile a quarter of a century earlier. Petrarch was then forty-three years old; Boccaccio had not yet written the *Decameron*; Chaucer was probably a boy of seven; Charles King of Bohemia had been elected Emperor; and Pope Clement VI. ruled at Avignon. Italy was still the "hostelry of sorrow" and not yet the "lady of provinces." The cities were in the hands of remorseless tyrants, or, if they pretended to govern themselves, were subject to internal conflicts and hostile attacks from their neighbors. Hordes of mercenary soldiers held allegiance now under this one and now under that, and gave misrule additional horrors. The moral condition of ruler and citizen was no better than the political; pestilence and disease came with resistless strength and malignity.

Catherine of Siena was to pass into this scene and this atmosphere with words of admonition and hands of healing. Her power was shown early; visions floated before her, and her vocation was soon determined. She met with the usual opposition from home and friends, but she went forth undeterred to the fulfilment of her work. She joined the Sisters of Penance of St. Dominic, called in Siena the *Mantellate*, — not nuns, strictly speaking, but devoted to the service of religion while remaining in their homes. Her life became painfully rigid and austere; her soul was evidently set apart for special labors and duties.

Gradually a body of faithful disciples and adherents gathered about her, members of the *Mantellate*, women of culture and noble birth; then priests, who recognized her right of leadership, and later men and women from every walk in life. Chief among her followers were the Fra Raimondo du Capua, later Master of the Dominicans, who wrote her story, the authentic source of information about her, and Stefano Maconi, the Carthusian, a man of the same mould as herself. The fellowship found ample toil waiting for it. Catherine was a leader and commander, —

"A wonderfully endowed woman with an intuition so swift and infallible that men deemed it miraculous, the magic of a personality so winning and irresistible that neither man nor woman could hold out against it, a simple untaught wisdom that confounded the arts and subtleties of the world; and with these a speech so golden, so full of mystical eloquence, that her words,

whether written or spoken, made all hearts burn within them when her message came. In ecstatic contemplation she passes into regions beyond sense and above reason, voyaging alone in unexplored and untrodden realms of the spirit; but when the sounds of the earth break in upon her trance, a homely common sense and simple humor are hers, no less than the knowledge acquired in these communings with an unseen world."

Catherine soon entered upon her great tasks. The fellowship at different times occupied different abodes; they grew into a significant power in Siena. Catherine was a preacher of winning charm and singular allurements; she persuaded many into an abandonment of lives that brought forth unwholesome fruits. Siena was torn by feuds and hostile factions, and Catherine was recognized as a mediator in their internecine quarrels. Nor was Siena alone aware that a new spiritual force had arisen in Italy. She was to play a part in the settlement of political disturbances in Milan and Pisa and Lucca and Florence. She now began the series of letters which continued during the remainder of her days. They contain her hopes and dreams, they exhort priests and potentates to bring about that reformation of Church and State which will give peace and unity to Italy; they voice again the aspirations which make up the political creed of her predecessor Dante, and which burst forth with renewed vigor in the impassioned demands of her successor Savonarola.

Into the details of this struggle, and this mingled defeat and victory, we cannot enter here. She threw herself with unrestrained ardor into three large projects — a mistaken zeal for another crusade, urged by the Pope; the reformation and regeneration of the prelacy; the return of the Pope to Rome from his exile in Avignon. This last had already been fiercely brought to the attention of Gregory XI., by the Swedish Mystic and Prophetess, Birgitta, then residing in Rome. "Unless the Pope," was the message of Birgitta, "comes to Italy in the time and in the year appointed, the lands of the Church, which are now united under his sway and obedience, will be divided in the hands of his enemies."

The difficulties of the time had brought on the bitter war between Florence and the Pope; the cities vacillated between the two; Bernabo Visconti, the sinister tyrant of Milan, gave gloomy counsel and fomented discord; Giovanna, the pleasure-loving and mysterious Queen of Naples, intervened and increased the bitterness of the conflict; Catherine with her fellowship was called to Florence, and from there sent to Avignon. This was the crowning labor of her life. The Florentines behaved with wily and

astute treachery; the counsellors about the Pope built up every sort of obstacle, palpable and tenuous, between her and the Holy Father; she maintained her spiritual supremacy, held him firm to the purpose, and after incredible tribulations, natural and apparently supernatural, restored the Pope to the Imperial city.

Her great work was done. In the year following, and at the coming of the schism, when several Popes claimed the legitimacy of their election, Catherine espoused the cause of Urban VI. She came to Rome at his invitation, and there, after enduring prolonged and violent suffering, induced perhaps by the austerity of her life, she made the great transition, surrounded by her unfaltering friends, on April 29, 1380.

Toward the close of her life, Catherine took thought for the written word she was leaving behind her. In the early autumn of 1378 she completed her remarkable book, the *Dialogo* or *Libro della Divina Dottrina*. The volume is a series of Dialogues, in which the mystical doctrines of the Saint are unfolded at length, and in which the views presented in Catherine's letters are more fully expounded. The letters number nearly four hundred. These are written to kings and mendicants, saints and sinners, priests and popes. They are done with authority as of one who had the right to speak and give counsel and admonition. When the names of the patriotic lovers of Italy are spoken, no one should forget the name of Catherine of Siena.

For the work of Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, exhaustive and scholarly, one can only have that admiration which mastery of a subject inevitably invites and receives. Mr. Gardner knows Italy, its life, its history, its religion, its ideals, as few men know any country, even their own. It is superfluous to say that the original sources of information have been at the author's command, and the libraries of Italy have been laid under contribution. The subject is treated at length, and with perhaps extreme detail; but the picture of the fourteenth century in Italy is significant and convincing. The author is in full sympathy with the noble woman who makes the centre of his portrayal, and not blind to the difficulties which surround so arcane a subject. There is sometimes to be found the scholar's besetting sin, a too impressive display of erudition, and a too close adherence to authorities, with a consequent lack of finish; but happily, since Pater wrote, the critic's office has been merged in that of the interpreter's. The work is a superb one, worthy of the fine setting which the publishers have given it, — in illustrations

and binding and printing a book which delights the eye as its contents delight the mind.

The orderly arrangement of the work is particularly noteworthy; notwithstanding the wealth of detail, clearness is never sacrificed, and the picture becomes more effective with every added stroke; indeed, as in every history worthy of the name, the interest accumulates with the progress of the narrative. The book must take its place with the important ones on its subject. It contains also a well-selected Bibliography and a copious Index.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

A NEW VOLUME OF GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC.*

The fourth volume of the revised "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" extends over the space represented by Q, R, and S. These three letters have necessitated an entire volume, but as "Song," "Sonata," "Suite," and "Symphony," the exhaustive biographies of Schumann and Schubert, and sketches of prominent musicians and composers such as Rossini, Rubinstein, Spontini, Spohr, Smetana, Strauss (Richard), Saint-Saens, Svendsen, Sullivan, and such technical articles as "Scale" and "Singing," have presented themselves for consideration, it is difficult to see how the aggregate of matter from these letters could have been treated in any less space. "Sonata," "Suite," and "Symphony" remain substantially as they appear in the first issue of the Dictionary. "Song," however, has been greatly extended (now occupying eighty-one pages), as well as enriched and supplied with numerous illustrations by the scholarly research and skilled knowledge of Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse.

The biographical sketches are not always satisfactory. Some of the old ones, whose subjects are becoming antiquated, might well have been shortened to make room for more extended sketches of contemporary composers. This exception, however, cannot be taken to the sketch of Richard Strauss, prepared by Mr. Maitland, the editor of the Dictionary. It is not a sentence too long, considering its merit, and if it had been shortened we might have missed the well-deserved strictures of Mr. Maitland upon this newly-risen genius who seeks to surprise "by independence and impertinence." Those who are not blown about by every "new wind of

doctrine" that spreads abroad from Germany will agree with Mr. Maitland's conclusion:

"It is of course too soon to guess what Strauss's position among the musicians of the world may ultimately be; while he is still young enough to admit that his main object is to shock and startle, he is not too old to change his convictions."

Let us hope he will do so, and eventually produce some work which does not require an elucidatory programme to render it intelligible.

The article on "Symphony Concerts" is interesting from its local point of view, as it contains the history of eight American symphony orchestras, viz., the Boston Symphony, Brooklyn Philharmonic, Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Cincinnati Symphony (recently disbanded), Philharmonic Society of New York, New York Symphony, and the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh orchestras. The historical facts in the life of our own Chicago orchestra are correctly given except in one regard. The writer, a New York musical critic, says that at the end of the first period of the contract the guarantors were discouraged by the losses entailed by the concerts and by "certain unpleasant experiences in which Mr. Thomas had become involved as Musical Director of the World's Fair in 1893." It would have been historically correct to say that they were "disappointed," not "discouraged," by the losses, and that Mr. Thomas's World's Fair experiences had no more to do with the orchestra's affairs or the guarantors' feelings than the rising of the sun. But New York will never be exactly just to Chicago. Its angle of western vision has always been distorted.

Upon the whole, this volume is a worthy companion to its three predecessors, notwithstanding some faults of omission. But why should such a dignified and important musical work of reference be disfigured with such a hodge-podge of mediocre and poorly-executed illustrations in these days of pictorial excellence? There is no excuse for it.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

THE FIRST CONSUL AS A COUNCILLOR SAW HIM.*

Dr. Fortescue has brought Thibaudeau's memoirs of Bonaparte out from the scholarly seclusion where for two or three generations they have remained practically inaccessible to the general reader, who may take his novels in a foreign tongue but must have his history in the

* GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A. Volume IV. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

* BONAPARTE AND THE CONSULATE. By A. C. Thibaudeau. Translated and edited by G. K. Fortescue, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

vernacular. It is well that their value should be emphasized by the fact of translation. The frequency with which one meets quotations from them in the better books on the period shows the estimate which scholars long ago placed upon them. They certainly rank with the *Memoirs of Miot* or *Mollien*, and the *Recollections of Chaptal*.

Thibaudeau's wide political experience, as well as his confidential relations with Napoleon and Josephine, enhance the value of his observations. He had first come up to Paris with his father, who had been chosen a member of the States General. He was himself a member of the Convention and of the Council of Five Hundred. In the Convention he acted with the Mountain party, though in no slavish spirit, for he refused to join the Paris Jacobin club on the ground that this might interfere with the independence of his decisions as a legislator. When the Consulate was organized, he was appointed a member of the Council of State. If the conversations of the Councillor are, as we have every reason to suppose, the conversations of Thibaudeau, he enjoyed the confidence of General Bonaparte to such a degree that he could frankly express his disapproval of the transformation of the Consular government in 1802. Bonaparte merely remarked that it was time he got rid of his dreams. Josephine also trusted him, for she told him of the difficulties and anxieties growing out of the intrigues of Napoleon's brothers, who were urging the establishment of an hereditary *régime* in order that their own position might be magnified.

The memoirs were written in 1827, when Thibaudeau, as one of the regicides who had adhered to the government of the Hundred Days, was an exile in Brussels. He had already published two volumes of his autobiography, touching the periods of the Convention and the Directory. They seem to have excited the anger of the Bourbon authorities, and, through diplomatic intervention, he barely escaped expulsion from the Netherlands. This accounts for the fact that in the new volume he abandons the autobiographical form and presents anonymous recollections, leaving himself quite in the background. The lapse of time between the Consulate and the later years of the Restoration would ordinarily impair our confidence in the accuracy of Thibaudeau's testimony. There is more than one indication, however, that his statements do not rest upon memory alone, but upon notes carefully made at the time. There is a passage in the chapter on "Discussions on the

Civil Code" which gives an important indication in this matter. Thibaudeau is criticizing Locré's official report of the discussions in the Council, because Locré had "reduced all the speeches to a cold, measured, uniform style . . . which, far from having flattered the First Consul by making him speak like the rest . . . detract immensely from the freedom, vigour, and originality of Bonaparte's own words." In order to support his criticism, Thibaudeau placed in parallel columns the official version of Bonaparte's words "and his actual words as they were carefully taken down by another hand." Dr. Fortescue suggests that this other hand was Thibaudeau's, and that he had either an unusual verbal memory or a system of short-hand. At all events, he ascribes to him special skill in reporting debates and conversations, not only for this period but also for the periods that preceded. He does not throw much light on the reasons for his confidence, save that he believes that a comparison of Thibaudeau's reports with others will carry conviction of the superiority of his versions. From the point of view of the historical method, this leaves something to be desired.

These memoirs cover nearly every phase of the Consulate, the organization of the administration, the principal problems of the government, and even the manœuvres by which the Consulate ceased to be a republican and became a monarchical government. Perhaps the most important chapter is the one already mentioned, the "Discussions on the Civil Code." These discussions illustrate Bonaparte's share in the making of the code. The tone of his remarks must always be a surprise to one familiar mainly with the Napoleon of diplomacy and war. They are not a series of judgments, given with an air of finality, but the opinions expressed wear the garb of reasonableness. Certain of his remarks, recorded in a subsequent chapter where the question of taxation is raised, are still more surprising. He is made to say:

"There is neither liberty nor property in a country in which the amount of taxation to be levied from each individual varies from year to year. . . . Why is public spirit so wanting in France? because every proprietor is obliged to pay his court to the powers that be. If he falls into bad odour he may find himself a ruined man. . . . In no other country are the people so servile to the Government as in France, because here all property is dependent on its good will. . . . Nothing has been done in France on behalf of property. The man who would devise a good law on the cadastre would deserve a statue."

There is much information of the lighter sort also in the memoirs. Especially interesting is the gradual evolution of a court etiquette, the stages of which Thibaudeau seems to have

indicated with the minute particularity of a convinced but somewhat disillusioned republican. The reader is amused at the experimental changes in official costume, and at the tribulations of the persons who were obliged to use in state processions public cabs, simply covering the numbers with paper. Among the minor though not unimportant features of this record are Napoleon's conversations with Josephine, who, Thibaudeau says, though most of a lady of all at the new court, detested the theatrical effects which were sought, and sighed for greater privacy and freedom from false constraint.

Dr. Fortescue has done his work as editor well, though the volume has an unnecessary number of misprints or slight errors. It is to be hoped that he will carry out the intention he announces of presenting a translation of Thibaudeau's "*Mémoires sur la Convention et le Directoire*." These would not have the advantage of Napoleon's magical name, an important consideration from the publisher's point of view, but they make up one of the most informing descriptions of the later periods of the Revolution.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

RECENT FICTION.*

His real name is Maurice Ethelbert Wynne, but he is called "the Spawer" in the dialect of the seacoast vicinage which he has sought out in the hope of being able to accomplish something in his chosen work of musical composition. A concerto is struggling toward creation in his brain, and he needs a restful and inspiring environment. He secludes himself in a farmhouse, cultivates no acquaintance save that of the local parson, and proceeds to "invite his

* *THE POST-GIRL*. By Edward C. Booth. New York: The Century Co.

DELILAH OF THE SNOWS. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY. A Nightmare. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

LORD OF THE WORLD. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE VIGIL. By Harold Begbie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

RETS. By Van Zo Post. New York: The McClure Co.

THE PRINCESS DERBA. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH. By Robert Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HANDICAPPED. By Emery Pottle. New York: John Lane Co.

PURPLE AND HOMESPUN. By Samuel M. Gardénhire. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PRIEST AND PAGAN. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CALL OF THE SOUTH. By Robert Lee Durham. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

THE GOLDEN LADDER. By Margaret Potter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE BOND. By Neith Boyce. New York: Duffield & Co.

soul" to self-expression. But one night when he has been seated at the piano he is startled by hearing a sob just outside his window. Rushing out, he contrives to capture the agitated girl who has been listening to his music; and in this manner we make the acquaintance of one of the most winsome and altogether adorable of the heroines of recent fiction. Her name is Pamela, but everyone calls her Pam, and her daily task is to carry the post. Thus the story which concerns her gets its name, "*The Post Girl*." As the story goes on, the Spawer's thoughts become in ever-increasing measure detached from his professional work, and in corresponding measure attached to his new acquaintance. Not to labor the point overmuch, he falls in love with her, and she is generously responsive, albeit her bearing is only such as befits the purest and most instinctively refined of maidens. But it so happens that the hero's troth is already plighted elsewhere, and he has a conscience. He resolves to leave Pam, although it will be like plucking out his heart-strings, and the separation is about to be effected when an opportune letter (whereby hangs still another tale which we have not space to include) sets him free. Then there is a stirring scene of mutual rescue from the rocks and waves, then there is the discovery of Pam's gentle birth and worldly expectations, and then there is the close of it all, with unlimited happiness in prospect. The scenario of Mr. Booth's story is thus of the simplest, but he has invested his situations and his characterizations with a charm so great that his every chapter maintains the reader in a condition of alternate suspense and satisfaction, both of which are delightful. Two other characters are portrayed for us with extraordinary vividness—those of the loquacious parson and of the sullen schoolmaster who also loves Pam and almost forces her to his will. Besides telling a fascinating story, the author puts a good deal of himself into the book, and his many reflective and descriptive pages give us a happy blend of shrewd wisdom and sly humor, to say nothing of their verbal beauty. He has a manner almost Meredithian in its richness, but without the Meredithian asperity. He has given us what is probably the best novel of the summer, because it is the most human and the most appealing.

Mr. Harold Bindloss has found a fetching title for his latest novel, but "*Delilah of the Snows*" is something of a misnomer, for it applies only to a rather unimportant episode of the book. The story is little more than a replica of the author's previous productions, telling us again of the struggle for fortune and love of the English settler in Canada. This time the hero is a gold miner, and the scene of his activity is among the mountains of British Columbia. The narrative is vigorous and straightforward, without nicety of style, but wholesome in tone, and moderately interesting. Although his work no longer has the freshness of interest it possessed when we first made its acquaintance, Mr. Bindloss may still be counted upon to tell a readable story.

Among our audacious latter-day sophists, who so neatly make the worse appear the better reason, Mr. Chesterton is gaining a high place. Indeed, he may almost dispute the honors of leadership with the priest-in-chief of the cult of paradox, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. His latest "budget of paradoxes" takes the form of a novel — or, rather, of a fantastic invention, which has to be described as fiction because it bears no conceivable relation to reality. Even the author balks at his own imaginings, and passes off the whole invention as a dream when he comes to the last chapter. It is called "The Man Who Was Thursday," and has to do with the conflict between anarchy and order. A central council of anarchists, seven in number, bear the names of the days of the week (which accounts for our title), and, under the leadership of an awe-inspiring Sunday, develop their programme of treasons, stratagems, and spoils. The gigantic humor of the conception is that these seven men are really Scotland Yard detectives, spying upon each other; for each of them thinks that all the others are genuine anarchists. The amount of fun that Mr. Chesterton gets out of this situation may readily be imagined, as well as the opportunity it affords him for the exercise of his talent for paradox. Like most dreams, the story grows more wildly impossible as the awakening is neared. It is a highly entertaining yarn, and exhibits the author in the light in which he ought always to be viewed — the light of a man not for a moment to be taken seriously upon any subject, but simply to be admired for a combination of nimble wit with diabolical cleverness.

"This is a terribly sensational book," writes Father Benson in introducing his "Lord of the World" to his readers. Since his story leads up to, and ends with, the day of judgment, the preliminary warning would appear to be justified. "Then this world passed, and the glory of it," is the closing sentence of a book as daring in conception as Mr. Moody's "Masque of Judgment." The period of the story is some centuries ahead of the present time. Air-ships and other mechanical inventions are commonplaces, and the problem which confronts mankind is the impending conflict between East and West. This menace is finally removed through the efforts of a mysterious personage named Felsenburgh, an American who has the gift of tongues and an irresistibly persuasive individuality. He is hailed as the deliverer of mankind, and the great powers of the world unite in making him their supreme arbiter. But his triumph is the triumph of a godless materialism, and will not be complete until the Church, the last bulwark of effete superstition, is wiped out of existence. Consequently, the Church is attacked in its central citadel; Rome is annihilated by a fleet of dynamiting airships, and the entire hierarchy is believed to be destroyed. The triumph of Antichrist (as incarnated in Felsenburgh) seems to be definitive, but a remnant of the upholders of the faith has been miraculously spared, and has found refuge in Palestine. There it renews

its organization in a manner suggestive of the times of primitive Christianity, and there it awaits the last onslaught of the powers of evil. The last day dawns upon the field of Armageddon, and the portentous approach of doom is impressively pictured. But the author's imagination balks at the final cataclysm, and puts it all into the simple sentence quoted above. A sort of repressed intensity, the product of spiritual fanaticism, is the distinguishing mark of this extraordinary invention.

Matters of private and sentimental interest are woven into the narrative just described, but only in a perfunctory way; in the case of "The Vigil," by Mr. Harold Begbie, the element of human interest is much more considerable, and yet religious discussion occupies so large a part of the book as to make extensive tracts of it unreadable. The discussion, moreover, does not involve the momentous issues that appeal to the imagination in Father Benson's story, but deals with such futilities as the celibacy of the English clergy and the merits of rival methods of inculcating Christian doctrine. Fortunately, these arid passages are to a certain extent segregated, and the author's genuine talent, which lies in an altogether different direction, may be enjoyed by itself. That talent takes the form of an insight into the types of character to be found in an English village — a community of miners and fisher-folk — that is really remarkable. A combination of the shrewd observation and humor of Dickens and George Eliot is noticeable in many places, and makes the book worth while, despite its heavy load of theological verbiage.

"Retz" is a historical romance vaguely placed in the fifteenth century, when the French monarchy was still struggling with Burgundy for supremacy. The hero, a scion of an ancient German house, appears upon the scene in Flanders at the age of twenty, and proceeds to carve for himself a career. He is at once a doughty warrior, a consummate strategist, and a Prince Charming; and he juggles with kings and dukes and bishops in right masterful fashion, until he has settled the affairs of Europe to his own taste. The book fairly reeks with romance, and bears about as much relation to reality as an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Structurally, it is incoherent, but its episodes are exciting enough to make us condone the fault of amorphous plan. Who Mr. Van Zo Post, the author, may be, we do not know; but we cheerfully allow his dedicatory claim that he has ever followed the torch of the spirit of adventure.

We learned to know the Princess Dehra from "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars," one of the best of recent "Zenda" romances. We now resume her charming acquaintance in a book which bears her name as a title, for her inventor, Mr. John Reed Scott, has ingeniously contrived to make her the heroine of a sequel to his earlier romance. The device is very simple. The sudden death of the old king leaves the court at sixes and sevens, for the decree which named Armand his successor has mysteriously disappeared, and the wicked Ferdinand is

thereby enabled to scheme anew for the defeat of his rival. So the old days of adventure and intrigue are merrily renewed, and the excitement is sustained for the length of another volume, and until the lost decree turns up, which means the final discomfiture of the villain (it *seems* to be final) and the union of Armand with his Princess.

Mr. Robert Barr is a very uneven writer, being capable of producing as puerile a book as "The Measure of the Rule" and as fine a specimen of historical romance as "Tekla." This unevenness of quality seems to result from an attempt to be more versatile than nature permits. "Young Lord Stranleigh" is one of Mr. Barr's better books—perhaps one of his best. Primarily, it is a tale of adventure, dealing with the discovery of a rich gold-bearing reef near the west coast of Africa, and with the attempt of an unscrupulous syndicate to filch the treasure from its rightful claimant. As far as plot goes, the narrative is commonplace; but the character of Lord Stranleigh gives it the mark of distinction. This example of the British aristocracy is to outward seeming an indolent and lackadaisical creature, whose chief interests are his food and his apparel. But when he is once enlisted in the effort to thwart the wicked syndicate, his affectation of simplicity and helplessness turns out to be no more than the mask of a highly intelligent and resourceful personality. The gold is brought safely to London, and eventually saves the Bank of England from bankruptcy, which is a sufficiently exciting climax to the story. It amounts to some two hundred million pounds sterling, which shows the writer to be possessed of a generous imagination.

A rather insignificant novel entitled "Handicapped" is the work of Mr. Emery Pottle. The title is suggestive of the race-track, and the story has a distinctly "horsey" flavor. The scene is near New York, and the interest centres about the rivalry for a maiden's hand of two men—an estimable country gentleman and a wild Irish youth who is a cub by nature and a jockey by profession. The maiden yields to the Irishman's tempestuous wooing, but is saved from the consequences of her perverse judgment by a timely accident (in Madison Square Garden) which eliminates him from the situation. The story is natural enough, and exhibits some skill in characterization and dialogue, but does not at any point gain much hold upon the reader's attention.

"Purple and Homespun," by Mr. Samuel M. Gardenhire, lives up to its title by introducing us to social types as widely separated as the English aristocracy and the denizens of the East Side. Mr. Gardenhire's noble lords and labor agitators are depicted with equal verisimilitude. The book also provides an agreeable mixture of politics and socialism and financial scheming and human interest. Its central figure is a young man of thirty-six who has become a millionaire and a United States Senator by force of native ability. His birth is of the humblest, and the secret knowledge that his father is a drunken

old reprobate makes him hesitate a long while before declaring his love for the daughter of the British ambassador; but he ventures it at last, with a full confession, and is rewarded. In this respect the story turns out in the anticipated way, but in some others it yields surprises. We hardly expect (from a novelist) that a long-drawn-out struggle between capital and labor will end in anything less exciting than a riot, but in this case it leads only to amicable adjustment with the best of feeling on both sides. Nor do we expect, when a young woman has been wronged in her youth by a scion of the British aristocracy, that she will do other than spurn him when she reappears as a beautiful and attractive heiress; but in this case she forgives and forgets, even to the extent of marrying her betrayer. At first thought, these surprising conclusions suggest a departure from truth to life; but second thought rather suggests that they are only a departure from truth to the novelist's convention, and perhaps for that very reason truer to life than most novelistic conclusions. Mr. Gardenhire's style is stodgy, but he has packed a good deal of experience into his pages, and thereby made them quite readable.

Mr. Herbert M. Hopkins, in his "Priest and Pagan," has given us a neatly-contrived novel of somewhat colorless type. The opening smacks of romance, for it tells of the reappearance in New York of a man supposed to have been drowned in the Adriatic a year before; and when we are apprised of his intention to keep his escape a secret, and start life over again under a new name, we anticipate interesting complications. But they do not occur, and the sequel is tame, although it does lead to the hero's suicide. He is the "pagan" of the title; the "priest" is the rector of a parish in the Bronx, and the heroine, for whom these two contend, is a nice girl who seeks relief from her monotonous suburban existence by doing a vaudeville "turn" in a variety theatre. Mr. Hopkins has more style than invention, and it is a pity that so carefully wrought a story should not prove more effective.

The negro question, as viewed by the excitable Southern imagination, is the theme of Mr. Robert Lee Durham's novel entitled "The Call of the South." Mr. Durham has created a disagreeable situation, and made the most of it. Hayward Graham is a young man of engaging qualities descended from a line of soldiers, a Harvard student and famous athlete, but cursed with a strain of negro blood. He enlists for the war with Germany which has been brought on by Venezuelan complications, gives distinguished service to his country, and incidentally saves the life of his commanding officer. That officer afterwards becomes President, and Graham becomes a footman in his household employment, having concealed his identity by a change of name. The motive for this extraordinary course of action is supplied by his secret admiration for the younger daughter of the President. A romantic entanglement follows between the servant and his young mistress, and leads to a clandestine marriage.

When the secret is known, the consequences are disastrous. The President loses his second election, and dies from the shock of disappointment combined with the sense of family disgrace. The daughter gives birth to a child who is abhorrent to her sight, and her mind gives way. Her husband reenlists as a private in the Philippine service, and the story abruptly ends. The purpose of the book is plainly to enforce by a horrible example the argument that any attempt to give social recognition to the negro must needs result in a mingling of the races. To our mind, this is a far-fetched conclusion; but Mr. Durham represents the view so widely prevalent in the South and so incomprehensible to the Northern mind. The difficulty is a serious one, no doubt; but there is such a thing as losing one's head in attempting to deal with it.

Miss Margaret Potter, after various romantic excursions into foreign parts and remote periods, has returned, in "The Golden Ladder," to the region of reality. It is a very sordid reality which she describes, beginning with life in a Chicago boarding-house and ending among the financial monarchs of Wall Street. Her hero is a sturdy and ambitious youth from the country, who comes to Chicago to set his foot upon the golden ladder which most unimaginative Americans are trying to climb, and reaches the topmost rung in New York, to which metropolis the scene is after a while transferred. The heroine (we call her that in default of a more exact designation) is a daughter of the woman who keeps the Chicago boarding-house, a girl of physical charms and depraved instincts. She tempts the youth to sin, and then, not foreseeing his successful future, forsakes him for the garish allurements of the stage. When the scene shifts to New York, she is far down the road of degradation, while her former lover wins high rank among the manipulators of markets and the promoters of enterprises. Gilded wretchedness, although of different kinds, appears to be the final lot of both. Miss Potter's novel is inspired by a fierce indignation, aroused at sight of the mammon-worship which is bringing our civilization near to shipwreck, and she pours unsparing scorn upon American life as she sees it. The motive is fine, but the thing is overdone, and misses its proper effect through vehemence of expression. Charles Dudley Warner might have shown her how to do the same thing in a more quiet and artistic manner. Miss Potter has also to learn the value of reticence, for some of her bits of description and dialogue are calculated to bring a blush not to maiden cheeks alone. On the whole, we are inclined to think that "The Golden Ladder" has done a thing well worth doing after a fashion in which it distinctly ought not to be done.

We are getting a little tired of the neurotic young woman who makes unreasonable demands upon life, and is unhappy because it turns out to be less exciting than she would like to find it. A typical example of this sort of woman, who worries over her own emotions until her whole moral fibre is weakened, is

found in the heroine of "The Bond," by "Neith Boyce." The marriage bond is what is meant, of course, and it is treated throughout the book as something against which to chafe rather than as an accepted and sacred safeguard. The young woman in this particular case has health, a devoted husband, and an artistic gift of her own as a refuge from vagrant thoughts. She is, in fact, so happy when first introduced to us that she is quite sure that it cannot last, and deliberately sets out to make herself miserable by brooding over an imaginary future of misery. This morbid type of character occurs, of course, as a by-product of the life which we moderns lead at such high pressure, and the novelist has a right to describe it; but she can hardly expect it to appeal to the sympathy of sane and balanced minds. The heroine's destiny is worked out, after a fashion, without external disaster, and she comes to a sort of broken-spirited acceptance of life as it is. We could wish that the author's delicate talent had been employed upon a worthier theme, or a theme bearing a closer relation to normal existence.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A compact study of Rembrandt's life and work. It would be difficult to specify a book that more completely fulfils its purpose than Professor G. Baldwin Brown's volume on Rembrandt (Scribner). To condense into a modest volume of 327 pages a comprehensive study of the life and art of the distinguished Hollander was a task that could be performed in a satisfactory manner only by one having not merely intimate acquaintance with the works of the master, but clearly defined views and aptitude for methodical statement. These qualifications Professor Brown has in a marked degree, and they are reflected in the well-ordered plan of his book. Instead of combining the biographical, the historical, and the critical aspects of his subject in a continuous narrative, he has treated them in separate divisions; and in considering Rembrandt's output as an artist there is a further division into chapters dealing with his drawings, his etched work, and his paintings. In this arrangement there is both advantage and disadvantage. The reader is spared the confusion of passing backward and forward between statements of fact and higher artistic criticism, but at the cost of a view in which the artist's works in the different media necessarily seem somewhat unrelated, and the steady progression of his development can be kept in mind only by conscious effort on the part of the reader. On the other hand, there is gain in convenience for reference, and in compactness. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether such a mass of information as Professor Brown gives could be presented in the same amount of space in any other way. In the discussion of controverted points, Professor Brown is careful to present all sides, and his

conclusions may be accepted as fairly representing the consensus of opinion of the best authorities. Seldom in a popular monograph does one meet with such scholarly treatment, combined with breadth of vision and catholicity of judgment. There is perhaps a trifle too much insistence upon subjective qualities, such as the profundity of Rembrandt's insight into character; and not quite enough stress is laid upon the purely aesthetic side of Rembrandt's art. In the main, however, the author has kept closely to the view which he states with such admirable clearness: "The general conception of a piece from the point of view of its subject, and its envisagement as a composition in form and colour, are, in the theory of modern painting, a single act. It is not the case of a thought consciously and deliberately clothed in an artistic dress, but of a thought that would have no existence save in so far as it is expressible in art." Without illustrations, a book of this kind would be shorn of much of its utility as well as attractiveness. Excellent half-tone reproductions of forty-eight of Rembrandt's works are given, the list including a number of those not commonly seen, as well as many of his recognized masterpieces. Ample indexes are included; and we miss only, what would have been a desirable addition, a bibliography of the more important among the very large number of books of which the great Dutch master is the subject. Taking it all in all, Professor Brown has given us the best book on Rembrandt's life and work that has been prepared for the general reader.

*Four poets of a
"troubled day."*

Without comprehending the principle of relationship which led Dr. Stopford A. Brooke to group together four such diverse men and poets as Matthew Arnold, A. H. Clough, Dante Rossetti, and William Morris in one volume with the title "Four Victorian Poets" (Putnam), we can still appreciate the insight and illumination of his treatment of them. A review of the history of English poetry from 1822 to 1852 forms an introductory chapter, wherein stress is placed upon the reaction from the democratic ideas of Shelley and Byron, the interval of lethargy, and the revival of political, artistic, and religious freedom. "Into the midst of this whirlpool of thoughts and hopes and passions, political, social, ideal, democratic, but chiefly religious and theological, Clough and Arnold were cast." These two men are associated in our memories both as friends and fellow-sufferers from the disturbed intellectual and theological conditions which tended to foster doubts and a "stoic sadness" in the earlier manhood of both poets. "Our troubled day" is what Arnold called it. Dr. Brooke has said truly that "nearly all of Arnold's best poetry has an elegiac note." Clough's mental and spiritual conflicts are traced from his Oxford days to the last years of a life which seemed to end prematurely, "as he passed from the speculative to the constructive phase of thought." Rossetti and Morris are naturally joined in several characterizations; they both

rebelled against the sordid life and speculative criticism of their age, and both, like Keats, turned to the past for inspiration. Although Morris in later life, urged into contact with the darker phases of existence by his "passionate humanity," became enlisted in the cause of socialism, yet as a young man he was more detached from his age than Rossetti was. The latter's quality of "unwearied symbolism," in both painting and poetry, is emphasized, as well as the fusion of Italian and English influences in his work. Morris, like Arnold, was felicitous in his recital of great stories of the past, his range of subjects including legends and hero-tales of Greek, mediæval, and Norse history. Whether remembered as a poet, socialist, or artistic craftsman, his dominant trait will be found in idealism, in hope and faith of a better future; poetized in such diverse visions as "News from Nowhere" and "The Message of the March Wind."

A summer meeting of the Continental Congress, 1783. The Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1774 and assumed control of national affairs until the assembling of the Congress under the Constitution was assured in 1789, sat in no less than six different places, being the victim of the vicissitudes of war. All general histories describe the wanderings of this body of legislative-executives; but it has remained for Mr. Varnum Lansing Collins in "The Continental Congress at Princeton" (University Library) to make a special study of the coming of the Congress to Princeton, New Jersey, after the revolt of the Pennsylvania troops drove its members from Philadelphia. Sessions were opened in the classic village (probably in the residence of Colonel Morgan) June 30, 1783, and continued until November following, when adjournment was made to Annapolis. The period was that really following the Revolutionary War, and might be considered uninteresting save for the fact that here began to be manifest that general apathy in public life which eventually well-nigh ruined the experiment of the republic before matters were righted by the Philadelphia Convention. Mr. Collins's work is published, appropriately, by the University Library of Princeton, and the author has given a Princeton setting to the whole. His chapter on Princeton in 1783, that on the reception given the Congressional visitors, and on the presence of the members of Congress at the annual Commencement exercises of the College, present a true picture of the accustomed quiet of the Jersey village, broken by this momentous incursion. Monotony of narrative is prevented by the descriptions of the visit of General Washington to Congress, of the arrival of the Dutch minister, and of the theft from the village postoffice of a mail-bag which contained the official correspondence of the members of Congress. The author has collected his material from original and authentic sources, and has fashioned it into a readable narrative. The volume is one that will appeal to the general reading public, and is yet of value to the student.

British Colonial Administration in the Far East.

Since the publication, two years ago, of Mr. Alleyne Ireland's important work on the "Far Eastern Tropics," the appearance of his larger and more important work on "Colonial Administration in the Far East" has been awaited with interest. The first two volumes are now issued, with the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are given entirely to Burma, and excite admiration by their thoroughness and compactness, and wonder at the immense amount of labor and preparation which they imply. With untiring industry the author has gathered and tabulated a vast amount of information on every branch of the colonial administration in Burma and on every interest in the Province, which has hitherto been available only by reference to a multitude of scattered reports, issued by many departments, dealing often with only a limited period of time, available only by journeyings to the offices and chanceries concerned, and known there frequently only to those attached to that particular branch of the service. Mr. Ireland expressly says in his preface that "no attempt has been made to make the report attractive to the general reader; no effort has been expended in giving the work an appearance of originality, which, whilst it might perhaps add something to the literary reputation of the reporter, would detract from the utility of the work." The work is therefore a book of reference only, but it is one of distinct and unique value. According to the plan which Mr. Ireland has imposed upon himself, his own criticisms and conclusions will follow the completion of the Report proper, and will be contained in a final volume. All the other colonial administrations, British and foreign, are to be similarly treated, presumably with equal thoroughness and accuracy. It is to be hoped that this important and meritorious enterprise will appeal not in vain for public appreciation and support, especially for that of reference libraries where it must become a useful and indispensable handbook in its field.

A pleasant mixture of guide-book and romance.

In these days of almost universal going to and fro about the earth, books of travel vie with fiction in popularity as light literature, and the clever author has learned to combine the two *genres* into a diverting mixture of guidebook and romance. Anne Warner's "Seeing England with Uncle John" (Century Co.) is an unusually entertaining example of this type. Uncle John is a truly comic character, as good in his way as the inimitable Susan Clegg; and in spite of the pitfalls of the sequel, he is just as funny in England as he was in France — which means that his creator has an excellent understanding of both the satiric method and the foibles of the elderly American gentleman who goes travelling, apparently, just to get it over with. Baggage, fires, and Baedeker supply Uncle John with standing causes for dissatisfaction, while each place he rushes through adds its special grievance to his long list of such. His monologues to his long-suffering companion, Dilly, and to

his niece Yvonne and her husband, supply the humor; and Yvonne's letters to her mother, recounting the various stages in her vain pursuit of Uncle John through Scotland and England, describe the things that Uncle John might have seen, but did not, owing to his haste and the misadventures that dog his erratic course. Yvonne is as typical as Uncle John, and almost as funny. Dilly and some of the minor characters are a little overdone, — and so, we think, is Yvonne's ceaseless flow of information, which lacks the strongly personal note needed to give it interest. As information, however, it seems to be thoroughly reliable; and an index — the preparation of which, the author declares, was a much longer task than the writing of the book — makes reference to particular facts easy.

Essays, critical and biographical.

Mr. Paul Elmer More's fifth series of "Shelburne Essays" (Putnam) have, with two exceptions, the familiar footnote which shows them to be, in form at least, reviews of current publications; and one of these exceptions ("The Praise of Dickens") is inspired by the fine "National Edition" of the perennially popular novelist and by current appreciations of his work, while the other ("The Centenary of Longfellow") has necessarily much of the character of a critical review. The chapters, eleven in number, are already familiar to readers of "The Nation"; the Longfellow essay, however, appeared in "The Washington University Bulletin." In the pages of so accomplished a literary artist as Mr. More one looks for, and finds, many an apt phrase that lingers in the mind. "The jumping staccato of Mr. Chesterton" and "Mr. Chesterton's ebullition of doubtful epigrams" refresh us more, probably, than they will Mr. Chesterton.

NOTES.

A volume of "Musical Memories" by Mr. George P. Upton, embodying his recollections of famous musical artists of the last half-century, is a welcome announcement by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Winter's Tale" is the latest volume of "The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young," published by Messrs. Duffield & Co. in what is not the least pleasing section of their "Shakespeare Library."

In a literary way, doubtless the most important publication of the forthcoming season will be Mr. Swinburne's study of "The Age of Shakespeare," which the author regards as his most notable prose work. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish the book in this country.

New novels by Frederick Palmer, Eden Phillpotts, Elizabeth Robins, Edward Peple, Cyrus Townsend Brady, John Luther Long, and Tyler de Saix are contained in the Fall announcement list of Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Those who have become interested in the world movement to provide industrial insurance and old age pensions for wage earners will find a new and suggestive treatment in the recent book of Dr. Alfred Manes on "Die Arbeiterversicherung in Australien und Neu-Seeland,"

being volume eighteen of the series of Dr. Zacher, "Die Arbeiter-Versicherung in Auslande." The experience in Australasia is thus far very full of promise.

Mr. Austin Dobson's essays about books are always pleasant reading, and many book-lovers will be interested to hear that he is preparing a new collection, which, under the title "De Libris," will be published in this country by The Macmillan Company.

"With the Battle Fleet," by Mr. Franklin Matthews, to be published in the early Fall by Mr. B. W. Huebsch, will embody a record of the recent voyage of the Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, including accounts of the ships' visits to various South American ports.

It is rumored that there exists an unpublished novel by Mr. George Meredith, which, according to present arrangements, will not be issued for some years after the author's death. It is a coincidence that Count Tolstoy has lately finished a novel, to which he has attached the same condition of posthumous publication.

As an English novelist, Mr. John Galsworthy has now "arrived," and the republication of his earlier books is in order. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued new editions of "Villa Rubein" and "The Island Pharisees" for the new public created by the author's later successes.

A volume on Canada in Sir C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies" will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press. The author, Professor H. E. Egerton, confines himself to history, starting with British Rule to the Quebec Act, and ending with the Dominion of to-day; and the volume contains several appendices, ten maps, and an index.

A notable educational book on Houghton Mifflin Company's Fall list will be a volume of essays and addresses entitled "The Teacher," by Professor George H. Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer. It will have a special interest for those who have read the recently-published Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, as it will contain the only papers by her which are to be published.

An edition of the works of Jane Austen, in ten volumes, each with a reproduction after water colors by A. Wallis Mills, is announced by Messrs. Duffield & Co. The text of the novels has been revised for this edition by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, who furnishes also bibliographical and biographical notes. The water color drawings, by one of the artists of "Punch," are an attempt to reproduce faithfully the details of the period of which Jane Austen wrote.

There is much bibliographical activity in the United States at the present time. Mr. Paul Brockett, of the Smithsonian Institution, is preparing a bibliography of aeronautics; Mr. George F. Black's bibliography of gipsies is on the eve of publication, and comprises about 1800 titles; an elaborate work of the same nature on music is being prepared by Mr. L. M. Hooper, of the Brookline Public Library; and proposals for the publication of a Canadian bibliography, to contain about 16,000 titles, have been issued by Mr. A. H. O'Brien, a lawyer, and Mr. L. J. Burpee, Librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa. We note also that a bibliography of Virginia has been undertaken by the Virginia State Library; it will relate entirely to the Colonial period, and will be prepared by Mr. William Clayton-Torrence.

The death of Mr. W. S. Smyth, at South Haven, Mich., on the 4th of this month, deprived the publishing trade of one of its oldest and most esteemed members.

Mr. Smyth had been for over a quarter of a century prominently identified with the publication of school-books, at first with the house of Ginn & Co., Boston, and later with that of D. C. Heath & Co., of which firm he became vice-president, with especial charge of the Chicago branch of the business. The earlier part of his active life was spent in educational work; graduating at Wesleyan University in 1863, he became principal of Wyoming Seminary in Pennsylvania, afterwards of Casanova Seminary in New York, and later dean at Syracuse University. He was a man of breadth and culture, and of high ideals in personal and business life.

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